

STRUCK BY AN ENGINE.

Electric Car Run Down and Eighteen Persons Injured.

Many Passengers Were Pinioned Down By the Broken and Twisted Timbers—Three of the Injured May Die.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 20.—Lake Erie & Western switch engine No. 64 in charge of Engineer John A. Bepley and Fireman Edward Fultz struck Brightwood car No. 284 at 13th street at 10:23 o'clock Friday night. There were 21 passengers in the car at the time and of this number 15 were more or less injured, two of them perhaps fatally.

The engine struck the front of the car, reducing it to kindling wood and carrying it for fully 20 feet, finally throwing it against a freight car standing on a side track. One whole side was torn out and the car was turned completely around.

The passengers, many of whom were in the demolished end of the cars were pinioned down by the broken and twisted timbers. The doors could not be opened and the less injured people in their mad rush to escape trampled over those unable to help themselves. To add to the general confusion the steam from the engine enveloped the wrecked car and it was with great difficulty the work of rescuing them was carried forward. At least half the passengers were women and their screams, and the crash awoke people living within two blocks of the scene of the accident.

The wrecked car was returning from Brightwood and had on board a number of people who had been attending the Overstreet republican meeting. When the tracks were reached the conductor, Harry Kraus, went ahead as usual to see that the road was clear. A Monon engine going north passed the crossing drowning the noise made by the Lake Erie engine. He was unable to see the engine until it was too late. He yelled to the motorman and four or five passengers on the rear platform jumped to safety.

Following are those seriously injured: Arthur Staats, Jefferson ave; unconscious and injured internally; may die. Eaton Barnes, 859 Virginia ave., injured internally and still unconscious. Hattie Gurley, injured about the head; partially unconscious. Sadie Weeks, 449 Madison avenue, injured about the body and internally; believed to be fatal. Mrs. Prudence Campbell, 408 N. West street, injured about the chest and head. Bert Baldwin, 332 E. Joseph street, back injured and right lung crushed. Dr. F. B. Brigham, 1110 E. Tenth street, badly cut about the eyes. Atlas Moore, 23 S. Oriental street, hips and back injured. Henry Trieb, 1823 Temple street, foot crushed. Emanuel Coonfield, 716 Madison avenue, right hip injured. Charles Barnes, 406 East Michigan street, bad scalp wounds and hurt internally. H. P. Brunaugh, reporter on Journal, scalp wound and right leg injured. All will recover except Eaton Barnes, Bert Baldwin and Arthur Staats, who are believed to be fatally hurt.

HIGHEST ON RECORD.

The Price of Flaxseed Reached \$1.85 Per Bushel at Chicago on Friday.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—The highest price on record for flax seed was reached Friday. The top quotation was \$1.85 per bushel. This is an increase per bushel during this month of 36 cents. It is 71 cents per bushel above the quotations current a year ago. The advance is attributed to scarcity due, first, to drouth, and later to excessive rain. The salient feature of the great rise in price is that apparently it has come without manipulation of any sort.

SHOT HIMSELF.

Naval Cook Who Was on the Maine When She Was Blown Up at Havana Suicides.

New York, Oct. 20.—Nicholas Scalp, a Swedish naval cook who was on the battle ship Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor, shot and killed himself in Brooklyn Friday. His jaw was shattered by flying iron in the Maine explosion, and he had been unable to eat solid food since. This and delay in getting an increase of pension made him very despondent.

Gov. Sayers in Washington.

Washington, Oct. 20.—Gov. Sayers, of Texas, was among the president's callers Friday. He is on his way back to Texas from New York, where he went to attend the charity bazaar for the benefit of the orphans of the Galveston disaster, and stopped here to pay his respects to the president and to thank him for the aid the government extended to the victims of the storm.

Fell Four Stories.

Youngstown, O., Oct. 20.—William Jones, an iron worker, fell four stories from the top of the Wells block Friday and escaped serious injury. Jones refused the use of an ambulance and walked almost a mile to his home.

Condition of the Treasury.

Washington, Oct. 20.—Friday's statement of the treasury balances in the general fund, exclusive of the \$150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption, shows: Available cash balance, \$135,730,134; gold, \$86,305,185.

CRAZED WITH GRIEF.

Mrs. Maj. Matt R. Peterson Committed Suicide in Havana When Her Husband Died.

Havana, Oct. 19.—Maj. Matt R. Peterson, chief commissary, died of yellow fever Wednesday night. One hour later his wife committed suicide by shooting herself with a revolver. Mrs. Peterson had been in constant attendance on her husband, and is supposed to have been crazed by grief.

The remains of Maj. Peterson and his wife were interred Thursday afternoon with military honors. The flags at El Moro and on all the public buildings were at half mast. The tragic occurrence has greatly depressed the whole military community in Havana.

Cincinnati, Oct. 19.—Mrs. Peterson was Martha Allison, daughter of Robert Allison, president of the board of public service of this city, and was formerly a great favorite in Cincinnati. Mrs. Peterson was gifted with unusual charms of person and mind. Her devotion to her husband is indicated by the tragic manner of her death.

BROOKLYN CHAMPIONS.

They Defeat the Pittsburgh Baseball Team for the Third Time in a Score of 6 to 1.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 19.—Brooklyn is champion of the world baseballically, the owner of the beautiful \$500 Chronicle-Telegraph trophy, and carries away one-half the gate receipts of the four games necessary to decide their supremacy over Pittsburgh. The champions throughout the series demonstrated that they were deserving of the league pennant by playing better ball in every way than their opponents, who finished second in the race. In only one game of the four played did Pittsburgh look to be in the same class with Brooklyn. That game was played Wednesday, and the victory so encouraged the Pittsburgh players and the local fans that the 2,335 people who attended the game Thursday really expected to see the victory repeated.

The score: Brooklyn, 6; Pittsburgh, 1. Batteries: Leever, Waddell, Zimmer and O'Connor; McGinnity and Farrell. Umpires—Swartwood and Hurst.

LYNCHING IN KENTUCKY.

Jail at Elkton Broken Into By a Mob—Negro Who Attempted to Assault a White Woman Hanged.

Elkton, Ky., Oct. 19.—Wednesday night shortly after 12 o'clock Fratus Warfield, a Negro, 23 years old, was taken from the county jail and hanged.

On last Tuesday the Negro Warfield went to the home of a young white farmer, about three miles from this place, and, finding no one at home but his wife and her little babe, attempted to frighten her into letting him into the house. He did not succeed in getting in, and, after trying to break in the door and threatening to kill her, went away. A lady living near by happened to pass near the house, and it is thought that the Negro, seeing her became frightened and left. Warfield was captured Tuesday and placed in jail here.

Wednesday night a mob of 150 men overpowered the jailer, and, getting the keys, quietly took the prisoner to a grove near town, where he was found hanging to a limb Thursday morning.

THE GALVESTON HORROR.

Total Number of Dead Bodies Recovered to Date Is 2,907—Forty-Two Found Thursday.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 19.—One month and ten days have passed since the storm, and still the number of dead bodies being recovered daily does not decrease. Forty-two were recovered Thursday. This makes a record of 107 for the past four days. The total number of bodies officially reported to have been recovered is 2,907. A great many bodies were found, however, of which no report was made. It is not known how many were carried out to sea or to the mainland, or how many still remain under the debris. There is no reason to reduce the former estimates of the loss of life.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 19.—John Spaly, treasurer of the Galveston relief fund, gave out a statement Thursday night showing that the total contributions to date are \$1,095,202.

Gen. Wheeler and Lieut. Hobson. Montgomery, Ala., Oct. 19.—Gen. Joseph Wheeler and Lieut. R. P. Hobson arrived in Montgomery Thursday night from New York. They were met 40 miles from Montgomery by a committee and in the city by several thousand persons who had gathered at the railroad station. Friday Gen. Wheeler, in behalf of citizens of Alabama, will present Lieut. Hobson with a magnificent loving cup as a testimonial to his heroism in Cuban waters.

Yellow Fever Raging.

Havana, Oct. 19.—One hundred cases of yellow fever were reported Thursday. This is the largest number reported in years. The habes-corporis law, a novelty in Cuba, will take effect December 1. The law greatly pleases the masses.

The Report Not Confirmed.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Inquiry at the war department fails to confirm the report that finds currency in Havana to the effect that Gen. Ludlow has been slated for an important post in Cuba.

RICH BURGLAR STOLE FOR FUN

Paris Millionaire for Eleven Years Robbed Simply as an Amusement.

Chicago detectives may as well begin to study the face and deeds of August Fevrot, Paris man of fashion and expert burglar, who has declared his intention of coming to America to do a little professional work.

The police of Paris claim that this same Mr. Fevrot is the prize catch of years and they are correspondingly happy. Whatever his claim of medals and other indications of excellence in his chosen line, the French prisoner certainly is one of the most remarkable criminals in the annals of law-breakers. The hypothetical case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is not so strange as this case of M. Fevrot, says the Chicago Tribune.

Fevrot, who was arrested by the Paris police a few days ago along with some of his "pals," and only after a fight in which one of the detectives was killed, is now 30 years old, but he has been leading his dual life of burglar and society favorite for 11 years. His first burglary was committed before he was 20, and he has been at it ever since, many times experiencing hairbreadth escapes, many times seeing his partners in crime taken, but never has there been a suspicion that the dashing, wealthy, educated and charming young M. Fevrot was not what he appeared to his fashionable friends.

Since the game is up with M. Fevrot for the time being, and it is to be a short time as he says, he has taken his imprisonment philosophically and has talked freely of his past life. According to his story, he began the life of a criminal purely through love of excitement and adventure. He is a son of a millionaire, was reared like most young Frenchmen of his class, and gave no promise that he would ever do anything remarkable. But he loved excitement, and he found it when by mistake he was taken in with a gang of young burglars and was permitted to accompany them on a raid. The raid was a failure, but it was exciting, and from that time the young man was a burglar, and an expert. He showed his young companions why they failed, and later on he led them against the same safe and they made a successful job.

The young man's three years' service in the army prevented him from taking as active an interest in burglary as he had before, but he managed to keep in touch with his old friends in the profession and did much of their planning for them. Several times under his direction the regimental treasury was looted. And he still maintained his leadership over his men. At one time, after he left the army, he had as many as 60 burglars working under his orders, a number which was too large because of its unwieldiness and the petty jealousies of the men. A gang of ten or twelve he considered about the proper size for the most efficient work.

This strange prisoner explains his hold upon the criminals who have worked with and under him so many years, never once letting out a whispered hint that the society youth was their leader, by his generosity. Being rich, he had no inducement to haggie with his companions over the plunder. Much of his gains he gave away to the widows of dead burglars or applied to the support of women whose husbands were doing time.

SLOW COUNTING OF VOTES.

Antiquated Methods of Determining Contests in British House of Commons.

A two-minute sandglass is turned, bells angle all over the palace of Westminster, the members rush for the chamber, and all those who arrive before the two minutes can divide, and those upon whom the doors are shut are shut out and cannot vote at all, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post of elections in the British commons. When the doors are closed the speaker puts the question again, declares the yeas have it, and if there is again a shout that the nays have it the speaker says: "Yeas to the right and nays to the left," and the members go trooping out of either end of the hall into the lobbies, those in the affirmative by the door behind the speaker and those in the negative by the door at the opposite end of the chamber.

In the lobbies the members from A to M pass on one side of the desk, leaving their names recorded, and those from N to Z pass on the other side of the desk and are recorded. As members return to the chamber the tellers for and against, one on each side, count them in concert. This takes about ten minutes, but a division when the house is full takes 20 minutes or more. The first announcement made is by the clerk handing to the winning teller the vote which shows he has won. The particulars come later.

The fiscal announcement is made by the speaker: "Yeas to the right, 209; nays to the left, 100." A count by yeas and nays with us takes half an hour or more, because each member has his name called and responds viva voce. Those who did not vote the first time are called upon again.

In Perfect Accord.

"I suppose," remarked the relative who was on a visit, "that you and Henrietta agree perfectly."

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Meekton, after a moment's hesitation, "on some points. It was only this morning that I said the weather was extremely hot, and Henrietta said she thought so, too."—Washington Star.

Why He Did It.

First Pickpocket—If you knowed he only had a nickel, it was hardly worth while pickin' it.

Second Pickpocket—Oh! I tuk 'on principle.—Puck.

FUNNY FOLKS.

An Unexpected Retort.

"I preached this morning," remarked a conceited parson, "to a congregation in which idiots comprised the majority."

"Yes," rejoined the young lady to whom his remarks were addressed, "I noticed you frequently called them 'beloved brethren.'"—Chicago Daily News.

His Think.

He thought he thought great thoughts and thought.

No other thought a thought; If others ever thought he thought. They thought he thought he thought. —Chicago Times-Herald.

JUST THE RIGHT STATURE.



Mistress—Are you not rather small for a nurse?

Nurse—No, indeed, madam. The children don't fall so far when I drop them. —Jugend.

The Sequel.

"Ah, but you have a loving husband, Mrs. Simms. I remember before your marriage he said he would move heaven and earth for you."

"I remember; but now that we are married he won't even condescend to move the dresser so that I may sweep beneath it."—Chicago Daily News.

A Hearty Welcome.

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Mrs. Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into!"

"Make yourself at home," she responded with sweet gravity.—Tit-Bits.

Not to Be Trusted.

Wife—Let me send for Dr. Killman. You said some one recommended him highly.

Sick Husband—I don't want him, dearest. The man who recommended him is an undertaker.—Harlem Life.

Just the Way She Has.

The first of woman's want is man. In that there's nothing strange; But after getting him she wants From his pocket all the change. —Chicago Daily News.

HAD A HANDICAP.



Constance E.—Do you think you can get my husband acquitted?

Lawyer—I'm afraid not, madam.

Constance E.—Why, everybody knows my husband!

Lawyer—That is just the trouble. —Chicago Chronicle.

Feminine Sagacity.

Mother—Do you think that young Perkins has any intention whatever of marrying you?

Daughter—Not the least in the world, mamma! That is why I feel so sure of getting him!—Puck.

How Considerate!

Maud—What an exquisitely dainty little case you are embroidering! Is it for jewels?

Isabel—Well, no. But you see, poor, dear Harry has nothing to keep his pawn tickets in!—N. Y. World.

Usually the Case.

"The man you hear singing about a 'Home on the Ocean Wave,' the first night on shipboard," said the Observer of Events and Things, "the next day is apt to look homesick."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Enemy to the Weed.

Charles—Is your girl opposed to your smoking?

Clarence—I think she must be. Every night when I come away from her house I find two or three broken cigars in my vest pocket.—Stray Stories.

An Explanation.

He—A woman's face shows her talent.

She—How so?

He—Well, there's Miss Antiquate, for example. Her face tells me that she is a great artist. —Chicago Daily News.

The Rude Bachelor.

Yeast—They say that women have discovered a way of seeming to be always young; do you know what it is?

Crimsonbeak—Yes; lying.—Yonkers Statesman.

No Mere Probability.

"Maria," called out the anxious mother of the family, "the clouds look terribly threatening. I'm afraid we are going to have a tornado. You'd better go and wake your father."

"I'd rather not," answered the eldest daughter. "If I call him as early as this there'll be a tornado without any sort of doubt."—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Easily Explained.

"Willie," she exclaimed, severely, "why did you go to the jam jar while I was out?"

But Willie had taken his lesson from Mahomet and the mountain. "Because the jam jar wouldn't come to me," he answered, promptly. —Chicago Post.

A Variable.

Teacher—How many pounds to the long ton?

Precocious Pupil—Two thousand two hundred and forty.

Teacher—And how many to the short ton?

Precocious Pupil—Depends on the coal dealer.—Puck.

Few Equipped for the Work.

"Every man," quoted the thoughtful one, "is the architect of his own fortunes."

"Yes," returned the observant one, "and the character of the structures put up shows that few have taken the necessary course in architecture."—Chicago Post.

The Good-for-Nothing.

Lives of some men oft remind us. If we had but half their gall, We could loaf, too, and behind us Leave not any tracks at all. —Chicago Record.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.



Clerk—I've been in your employ for many years, sir, and as I was married yesterday I'd like an increase in my salary.

Moneybags—But, my dear sir, this house is not responsible for accidents happening to its employees.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Humdrum Existence.

Mae—Inez seems so unhappy since her marriage.

Ethel—No wonder! Her husband is such a poor spirited creature that he agrees with her in everything. She's just dying for some one to quarrel with.—N. Y. Journal.

Help Wanted.

Mistress (to new cook)—I shall go to market with you on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

New Cook—All roight, mum. But who'll be after carryin' the marketin' on other days, mum?—Chicago Daily News.

Condensed Tragedies.

"What do you think is the saddest work of fiction you ever read?"

"The cook book," answered the young woman who had not been married very long. "Not more than one in ten of those pieces come out right."—Washington Star.

Might Bite the Angels.

A four-year-old girl, whose dog had died, said to her Sunday school teacher: "I guess the angels were afraid when they saw him coming up the walk. He's cross to strangers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If They Only Could.

"These miners," said the clerk, "O, my! I think they're merely shirking. Why can't they do the same as I—just strike, and keep on working?"—Philadelphia Press.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.



Stout Lady—Yes, my dear, I must say I do like that blouse you're wearing. I must get one like it. It makes you look so slim and genteel.—Moonshine.

Rest.

"When you see the folks are restless, Of course you stop," said I, "Oh no, when I see they're restless," Said the preacher, with a sigh. —Detroit Journal.

Art Compulsion.

First Artist—I see Dauber has taken his wife as a model for one of his angels.

Second Artist—Yes; she'd snatch him baldheaded if he didn't.—N. Y. Weekly.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

EAST BOUND.		WEST BOUND.	
Ar Louisville	8:30am 6:00pm	Ar Winchester	7:30am 4:30pm
Ar Lexington	11:00am 8:40pm	Ar Lexington	8:12am 5:10pm
Ar Winchester	11:20am 8:40pm	Ar Winchester	8:24am 5:20pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm 9:43pm	Ar Mt. Sterling	9:43pm 5:20pm
Ar Washington	6:00am 2:40pm	Ar Washington	6:00am 2:40pm
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am 7:05pm	Ar Philadelphia	10:15am 7:05pm
Ar New York	12:40n 9:08pm	Ar New York	12:40n 9:08pm

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